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NO. 4.

Poetry.

A PEEP AT HOME.

BY ANNA M. FULTON.

"Be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home."
Put the kettle on the stove, Kate,
Heat the water for the tea,
Let us have all things in order,
Order should our motto be.
Thus the mother said, and smiling,
Rocked the baby to and fro,
Promised a kiss upon its forehead,
Stroked the little locks of tow.
Kate put the kettle on,
Swept the nicely painted floor,
Made the chairs look so inviting,
Hung the broom behind the door.
Drew the table to the center,
Whistled him to sit down,
With her own, her little fingers,
Neatly placed the ivory bread.
Father comes all white with snow-flakes,
Cheeks as red as damask rose,
Rubs his hands so brisk together,
Says he's a-brier he's almost froze.
Soon as warm he takes the baby,
Rubs his whiskers on its cheek,
Gives his hair to little fingers,
Pockets gives to little feet.
Says "There never was a baby
Half so pretty, half so smart,"
Wife unequalled, Katie loving,
Oh, what sunshine to the heart!
Reader will you not believe me?
'Tis a truth and you must know;
Angels stop, and love to linger
'Round that hallowed home below.
—MRS. A. R. N. Y. 1857.

Miscellaneous.

Stealing Water-Melons.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors, but thieves boys in the neighborhood annoyed him, damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and "hooked" his choicest fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds; and his watch dogs were poisoned, and set-traps caught nothing but his fattest fowls and favorite cat.

One afternoon however, just at night-fall, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them said:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come the grab game over the melons to-night? Old Swipes will be snoring like ten men before 12 o'clock."

The other objected, as there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh, pshaw! was the reply; I know a place where you can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come, Joe, let's go."

The owner of the melon patch didn't like the idea of being an eaves dropper; but the conversation so immediately concerned his melons which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept quiet and listened to the plans of the young scoundrels, so that he might make it some what bothersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the south side by the great pear tree, and cut directly across to the summer-house, just north of which were the melons.

Joe was a clever fellow, who loved good fruits exceedingly, and was as obstinate as an ass. Get onto started to do a thing, and he would stick to it like a mud-turtle to a negro's toe. The other didn't care so much for the melons as for the fun of getting them.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made a needful preparation for the visit; put in brass pretty thick in the scuttling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water vat which had been filled for some time, from which, in dry weather, I was accustomed to water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so, and placed slender boards over it, which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords, fastened tightly some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I wished to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes, about the size and shape of melons, in their places."

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark, but they missed it a little in referring that "Old Swipes," as they called him, would be in bed. The old man liked a little fun as well as they, and when the time came, from his hiding place he listened:

"Whist, Joe! don't you hear something?" I think that it was very probable that they did, for hardly were the words uttered, than there came a sound of forcible tearing of fustian.

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe, "there goes one of the flaps as sure as guns! Why, get off, Ned."

And Ned was off, and one leg of his breeches besides; and then he was sh-ing, oh-ing, and telling Joe that he "believed that there was nails in that side of the wall, for something had scratched him tremendously and torn his breeches all to pieces."

Joe sympathized with him, for he said "half his coat was hanging up there somewhere."

They now started hand-in-hand, for Ned believed he knew the way. They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went swish! swish! into the water-vat.

A sneeze ensued, then the exclamation: "Thunder! that water smells rather old!" Ned wanted to go home at once, but Joe was too much excited to listen for a moment to such a proposition.

"Such a gettin' up stairs!" muttered one. "Nettles and thistles! how they prick!" exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.

"How thick they are, Joe! Come, here! There's more than a dozen fat ones here!" And down they sat in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here, Joe," said Ned, "take this musk-melon; isn't it a rouser? Slash into it." "It cuts tremendous hard, Ned. Ned it's a squish!"

"No it isn't, I tell you it's a new kind—Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring."

"Well, then, all I've got to say, is that the old fellow got sucked in—that's all."

"I'm going to gouge into the water-melon; halloo! there goes a half a dollar! I've broke my knife. If I didn't know it was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact is, I believe it is a pumpkin."

What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the dog, and led him into the garden, we couldn't say; that they took long steps, the onion and flower beds revealed in the morning.

They paid pretty dear for the whistle. They had not tasted a single melon; they had got scratched, and torn their clothes; were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravens dog and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons, on the principle of "returning good for evil." This circumstance changed the boys' opinion of "Old Swipes," and his melons were never afterwards disturbed.

Murder of a Wife and Suicide of the Husband, at Gloucester, Mass.

About 4 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) afternoon, Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, wife of Mr. Samuel Davis, left her residence at East Gloucester, in company with her two sisters and Mrs. Douglas, for a walk to Swinard's pasture, a short distance from the house, for the purpose of picking berries.

Mr. Davis soon followed, and after they had got into the pasture, he deliberately drew a small-sized, five-chamber Colt's revolver and fired at his wife. The ball took effect in the left side, just below the breast, passing through the heart and out at her back. She instantly fell dead.

One of the sisters, Miss Ackley, was near by, and rushed to Mrs. Davis, and said, "Speak to me sister!" She received no answer. Mr. Davis, in the meantime, walked off a rod or two, and Miss Ackley ran to him and said, "You have shot my sister." He replied, "Don't interfere!" and fired the second time. The ball taking effect in the left arm.

Mr. Davis then being about seventy-five feet from his wife, deliberately put the pistol to his own breast and fired. The ball took effect near the heart and lodged. He fell on his face, and expired without a word from his lips.

Miss Ackley took hold of him and turned him over, and got the pistol which was clamped in his hand. The sisters screamed, and the reports of the pistol called the neighbors to the spot. Dr. Davidson was sent for, but could not render any aid.

The bodies were taken to his home, and placed in bed together. It was as sad and shocking a sight as we ever beheld. They were a good-looking couple, and looked as though they were asleep in bed.

Mr. Davis was 34 years of age, and his wife Elizabeth, was 23. They were married in New York about four years ago, and they belong to Cutler, Me. Both have relations here. He has resided in Gloucester about two years, and followed the business of fishing, sailing from East Gloucester.

We stated that Mr. Davis arrived here on Saturday, and found his wife at home, she being absent at Newburyport. There are many rumors and reports in relation to the affair, and respecting the unhappy couple, who are said to have lived unhappily for some time past.

Hundreds of people visited the house, and also spot where the tragedy took place, and there was a great excitement about town when the sad affair was known.

Mr. Davis wrote a note before leaving the house, and placed his Masonic certificate upon the table. He was a member of a lodge in Maine. He seems to have been perfectly sane in arranging the matter, and loaded his pistol in every chamber, and carried in his pocket a box of caps and several lead bullets and powder.

He did not attempt to shoot any of the other ladies before he shot himself. His wife seemed to be the only victim he desired.

Mr. Davis is represented by the people of East Gloucester as a respectable citizen, of quiet and peaceable disposition, and a good and kind husband.—*Gloucester Herald.*

THE PRESS.—The press is the ruling power of the times. The age of statesmen is over, the age of bullets is over, and the age of the printing press has come. What the invention of gun-power was to the art of war, making any man who could pull a trigger equal to the most powerful warrior, the press is in a reading age. We have invented the pamphlet. We have called into existence the fourth estate of the realm, it is brains. Men sometimes think that the great brains at Washington control the nation. So the boy who first sees a steamboat thinks that the walking beam is the propelling power, but below there is a "fannic" feeding the fires.—*Wendell Phillips.*

BRITISH ENLISTMENTS IN FRANCE.—The British government is offering great inducements to French half-pay and pensioned officers to enlist for the Indian army. They are to serve not less than two nor more than five years, and are to be sent out and back at government expense. The pay of captains is to be 30,000 francs; of first lieutenants, 15,000 francs, and of sub-lieutenants, 12,000 francs.

The Democracy Joining Hands with "Sam"—Payne to be Supported by the Know Nothings—Democratic State Convention Forgetting the "Dear Foreigners."

We have ever looked upon the professions of love and sympathy manifested by the Democratic leaders for the naturalized citizens of the country as the merest sham in the world, believing that they sought only to use them as tools, to be cast aside when it was profitable so to do.

Year after year, in the free States, these leaders passed resolutions in favor of free labor, and inviting the oppressed of every land to come and fill our vast unoccupied territories with enterprise and prosperity. Then, with some show of sincerity for the foreign emigrant, they resolved that slavery should not go into the vast territories of the United States, because it would degrade free labor.

Thus J. W. Gray, the democratic editor of the *Plain Dealer*, in his paper of November 23, 1848, says:

"What say you free laborers of the North? Are you, in your present and future acquisitions of territory going to let nabobs of the South monopolize the soil with their large plantations and compel you not only to compete with their wealth, but degrade yourselves to a level with their slaves, by competing with slave labor?"

As men, you are already excluded from the Southern States. You cannot labor there and maintain your dignity as men. Labor is disgraceful there, and the Southern aristocracy are determined to make it so every where. Give them the power they will do it. Give them more territory decided to slavery and they will do it."

By such language the Democracy, in the free States, led the naturalized citizens to believe that the Democratic party was the party of human freedom and in favor of preserving our Territories for them and their children free from the degrading influences of slavery.

But now how stands the case? Forgetful of the dignity of free labor, forgetful of the fact that slavery degrades it, forgetful of the multiplied instances in which they have resolved that the Territories of the United States should be sacredly held in trust for free men and the descendants of free men, they now take their stand upon the Dred Scott decision, which Mr. Buchanan in his letter of August 15th, says, confirms the doctrine that slavery "exists in Kansas," and of necessity in all the Territories by virtue of the Constitution of the United States.

To this degrading position has the Northern Democracy been driven by the insatiable demands of Slavery. And, just at this moment, too, we begin to notice the symptoms of an approaching amalgamation between Mr. "Sam," and Miss Democracy. The billing and cooing has been going on for some time and somewhat secretly, lest the "Dear foreigners" should take the alarm. It is now perfectly clear that the Fillmore movement was started by the Southern Democracy to defeat Fremont.

The plan was to divide the North, while the South should be a unit for Buchanan and Slavery extension. And now, since his election, we find Know Nothingism and Democracy have fused at the South, in most delightful harmony.

And how stands it at the North? In New York last spring, in nearly all the towns, there was a cordial fusion of these two elements, against Republicanism. In Ohio the symptoms of a union are at this time clearly apparent. Here was a Fillmore vote of some twenty-five thousand and if Mr. Payne could get that and yet keep all the "dear foreigners," his chances of success are good. So the Democratic State Convention which nominated him, although it could resolve to support the enormities of the Dred Scott case and endorse the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which has opened up the vast Territories of the United States to the march of slavery, somehow strangely forget two resolutions, which they have heretofore resolved and re-resolved over and over again, viz: that they loved the "dear foreigners," with a love surpassing the love of woman, and that they hated the Know Nothings worse than they hated his Satanic Majesty. Not one word of these two "staples" in all their resolutions.

The ground work of the union being thus laid, mark what follows. A Know Nothing County Convention of the County of Muskingum, where Mr. Fillmore received last fall 1092 votes, resolved, August 30th, to support H. B. Payne and the entire Democratic State Ticket. In Madison County, where Fillmore had 473 votes, the Democratic Convention adopted the ticket nominated by the Know Nothings, every candidate upon it being in full communion with the order.

At the Know Nothing Convention held in Marietta, August 29th, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That if the American State Central Committee and others having charge and holding prominent places in the American party in the State, deem it expedient to withdraw Col. Van Trump from the canvass and give the vote of the American party throughout the State to Henry B. Payne, the Democratic nominee for Governor, that the American party of old Washington will most cordially and emphatically acquiesce in and sustain that measure with their vote.

Next in the order of events in this region, we have the advent among us of the "inimitable Joe Geiger," the high priest of "Sam" in Franklin County, who amused the crowd a few evenings since with a display of ground and lofty tumbling. Two years ago he went to Trimble, last year he blew for Fillmore, and this year he sweats for Payne.

Then he denounced the "Dutch" and "Irish" as dangerous elements in the body politic; but now he sleeps in the same bed with H. B. Payne, who loves them so much, "dear creatures that they are."

The issue of this marriage will be like the Siamese twins. Slavery extension, joined by an indissoluble ligament of Know Nothingism. They are natural allies, for the latter keeps away foreigners, who hate

slavery, while slavery extension marches in and takes possession of our vast Territories. We simply ask our naturalized citizens to look at these facts and see whether they tend.

Our only object has been to unmask the hypocritical pretensions of a party claiming to be the party of human rights, and yet hand in glove with the slaveholder—a party heretofore professing the most unbounded love for the foreigner and yet now joining hands with his bitterest enemies, a party once in favor, professedly, of preserving the Territories as a heritage of freedom to him and his children, free from polluting influences of Slavery, but now basely surrendering them to the slave holders aggressive march.

We know that the eyes of many are being opened to these flagrant inconsistencies, and the day is not far distant when the honest and truthful principles of the Republican party will have no more valiant defenders than the naturalized citizens of our land.—*Cleveland Herald.*

War Upon the Dogs.

We are unable to say what the dog population amounts to in Knoxville, but it is a safe calculation to estimate that it exceeds the colored population. Every family in the place will bear witness that the dogs of Knoxville, are a great annoyance.

We have borne with their intrusions and assaults, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. They tear up gardens, in the spring, and throughout the summer, they congregate in back yards, promenade through back porches—plunge into kitchen—burst their noses into all manner of cooking vessels and water buckets. They engage in frequent fights—set up hideous yells and they growl and bark after a fashion, that drives sleep from our pillow, and slumber from our eyelids.

Now, we can submit to these impositions no longer, and we have resolved, after mature deliberation, to give the dog population of Knoxville, "war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt." We have declared a war of extermination, and come what may, we shall vigorously prosecute the campaign, until "the last armed fox expires," in the dog line, or we expire upon the field, falling with our face to the foe! And in that event, if our neighbors shall conclude that we have rendered good service, we trust they will adorn our tomb stones with this inscription:

"Warrior rest: the warfare o'er;
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of toil and nights of waking."

Our first engagement took place a few nights ago, in our back yard, having fortified ourselves on the second floor of our back porch. We fired upon five dogs engaged in a fight in our back yard, which we understood to be the "advance guard" of the regular army, with a double-barrel shotgun, loaded with buck shot. This fight we believed was the *ruse de guerre*, a stratagem of war, intended to draw us out from the fort. The result was, that one of our *generals* fell, and we had to pay *Jordan Swan*, a gentleman of color, 25 cents, to convey his "mortal remains" to the "potter's field." We sent the other four howling in various directions, but we live in expectation of their renewing the attack. It was a profound philosopher who said:

"He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But he who's in a battle slain,
Will never live to fight again."

We have kept up the fire, at intervals ever since, and we intend to continue it "at all hazards and to the last extremity." We have no ill feelings toward any neighbor, and we never were the men to injure any man's property, but we are resolved not to be turned out of "house and home," to accommodate the dog population of Knoxville. We will act alone upon the defensive, not going off our premises.

Having fought men and devils successfully, for eight years past, it is due to the party we act with, and to the reputation of our children, that we shall not now submit to be driven out of Knoxville by dogs!

Democracy in Ohio.

The "National" Democratic Buck-tail party, who now swear by Buchanan, Walker and Kansas, has nominated for the office of Governor in Ohio, a straight-out Abolition, and one of the most violent of freedom shriekers in that politically abandoned, and religiously God-forsaken State. The Gallipolis Journal, an American paper, of August 20, thus refers to this Democratic nominee:

"Henry B. Payne, the nominee of the Democratic party in this State for Governor, is a regular freedom shrieker, and has as complete a record as Salmon P. Chase or Joshua R. Giddings. He has placed himself on record among the most violent and uncompromising abolitionists in the State of Ohio. He preferred a dissolution of the Union to the fugitive slave law, as it was enacted among the celebration adjustment measures of 1850, and left no effort unspent to procure its repeal or defeat its objects. This same Henry B. Payne was a member of the Ohio State Senate in 1851, and next week we shall give some extracts from the official journal of the proceedings of that body during the time when Mr. Payne was a member of it, which will show him in his true abolition colors. We would not 'give the toss of a copper' between this anti-slavery, anti-fugitive slave law, Free soil, squatter sovereignty, Democratic and the rankest Abolitionist that ever wished to 'let the Union slide.' We wish every American to look at the record of this man, and when Democratic demagogues charge the American party with Free soil sympathies, point them to the position of the Democracy, and let them take home to their own firesides the foul stain of Abolitionism."

Mr. Thompson, of Juniata Co. Pa., who was taking a free negro with him from this State to Illinois, was mobbed on Sunday last in Chicago, the belief having gained ground that the negro was a fugitive slave. After a great deal of trouble the matter was satisfactorily explained, and Mr. Thompson proceeded on his journey.

Mr. Keitt on Democracy.

Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, speaks out against the Buchanan Walker treachery in Kansas, in unmistakable terms. Having been invited to a Public Dinner, by a portion of his constituents, he writes from White Sulphur Springs under date of August 3d, declining the honor, but giving his opinions with his usual boldness of tone, and vigor of expression, especially upon the Kansas question. He shows up the Administration in its true colors, and makes the self-styled "National Democracy" look ridiculous.

Hear this bold and talented Democrat, who aided in elevating Buchanan to power:

"The day is passed when treacherous concession and buckstopping compromises can stay back fanaticism; and I trust that the day will never come when unmeaning or insulting hosannas to the Union will be able to bind her arm, when made bare to strike her foe. The rival forms of society at the North and at the South are about to face each other, and no shivering Cabinets, nor convulsive administration, nor dying parties can avoid the conflict or mitigate the shock. A spurious and lachrymose philanthropy, synonymous with pauperism and riot, is now tilting down upon the pointed spears of Southern slavery, and either Northern license or Southern law must triumph."

After referring to the Kansas bill, and the principle intended to be established by it, of leaving the settlers in the Territory free to fix their own institutions without aid or hindrance to either section, by the federal government, he asks:

"Have the present administration fairly carried out the provisions of the Kansas Nebraska bill? Have they secured fair play between the North and the South? The first act was the appointment as Governor of Kansas of a man of broken fortunes and sullied name; a needy adventurer, who traded upon the sincerity of the South, and stole into her confidence through deceitful professions. What was his first act? To debauch Kansas from allegiance to the South, and deliver her into the hands of free soil fanatics. To say that the cause of the South was lost in Kansas, as prior to the appointment of Walker, is to palliate fraud by falsehood."

Down to the period of Walker's appointment, he says that the pro-slavery party had triumphed in every contest in Kansas. The South had won at every step of the fight. Why this sudden change he asks:

"Is it not the nefarious fraudulent intervention of the federal government? There were perjured Governors in Kansas before Walker stained his soils with fraud and tyranny; but their crimes were fruitless, because the administration was known not to sympathize with or connive at that fraud and wrong. How happens it that Walker's dishonest intrigues, too, have not been bootless also? Is it not because the administration is believed to sympathize with and abet the fraud and wrong? Is it not because he is believed to be clothed with the sanctions of the federal government that he has succeeded in his foul and subtle machinations? * * * His honesty, it is mainly, it is decent for the administration to gather the spoils of the fraud committed by its minion, and then shuffle off the responsibility? To do so is despicable cowardice and meanness. I will not strike the minion and bend the knee to the master. I will not have gauntlets for the former and velvet for the latter. * * * If the South is ejected from Kansas it is done to consolidate and strengthen the free soil democracy of the North. The various fragments and factions of democracy are all more or less free soil, are each ringing its 'fog bell' to prevent collision and are all ready to be soldered together again by free soil cement."

"To accomplish this foul union the South is to be sacrificed in Kansas. What boots it whether the South is sacrificed through free soil democracy or black republicanism? That which chiefly recommended the Nebraska bill to the South, was its commitment of the Democratic party to a clearer vindication of her rights. This has been defeated by the intrigue of those now in power. Mr. Buchanan was nominated by the North and elected by the South, and any act of perfidy on his part is and will be doubly damned. Democracy at the North is hopelessly prostrated unless it can be revived by some free soil application. * * * In 1850 the Whig party of the South, which had elected Gen. Taylor, trampled him from power when his treachery was made manifest; and will the Democratic party of the South be less true to her rights and honor, or less laudably and indignantly against fraud and wrong? The Democratic party owes its ascendancy to the South, and every act of treachery should be met by consuming curses. No leader is anointed against the vengeance of an outraged people, and no official is so high that popular justice cannot reach him. * * * There should be no discussion in the Southern camp, and I trust there will be none when the hour arrives in which loyalty to party will be treason to the South."

James Benedict Clay.

We observe with pleasure that the city of Lexington and Fayette county the home and residence of Henry Clay, gave a majority of nearly four hundred against his recent son. This is the only redeeming feature connected with this ungrateful fling at the memory of the great Commonwealth, and it deserves to be remembered that, whilst the unworthy son of such a sire could basely compound with his father's ancient and unrelenting foes, his immediate neighbors and friends showed their abhorrence of his foul and unnatural conduct in the most signal and unmistakable manner. Could the ghost of the venerated statesman, Banquo-like rise to renebrate with the proprietors of act, his old friends could well reply, "thou canst not say we did it."

Let it then go forth upon the wings of all the winds, that Henry Clay's neighbors had more respect for his mis-memory than his unnatural son; and let the name of James Benedict Clay henceforth stink in the nostrils of all honorable men.—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

From the Columbus Journal.

Facts for the People—How the People were Plundered, and Who were the Plunderers.

When a party asks to be entrusted with political power, it should show clear hands. Since the formation of our State Government, there never has been so corrupt and imbecile an administration as the one which immediately preceded the existing administration. Medill, Morgan, Trevitt and Breslin, had been in office four years, during which time they had debauched the public morals and bankrupted the State.

There was rottenness in every department, from the gubernatorial office to the Penitentiary. Medill paid for the private services of J. H. Price as a sick nurse and vendor of electioneering, out of the public moneys. Morgan was a defaulter to the amount of eight thousand dollars in Columbiana county, when he was elected Auditor of State. He continued a defaulter for about one year after he was Auditor of State. While in that office, he had favored officials whom he permitted to draw money from the Treasury which they never returned, under the plea of extra services.

In the report of the Investigating Committee, Wm. Trevitt, Secretary of State, is said to have received one hundred and ninety-eight dollars in overcharges. Breslin lost about two hundred thousand dollars by trusting in the hands of "Democratic" banks and note shavers, besides which he was a defaulter to the amount of over half a million of dollars.

In the Ohio Penitentiary alone, an institution which ought to have been honestly administered, we find that the sum of useless expenditures, frauds, and overcharges, was as follows:

Defalcation.....\$5,188 33
Due on books.....5,559 55
Overcharge on Physician.....800 00
Paid Wm. Trevitt.....198 00
Fraud on Corn Contract.....595 00

Making in all the snug little sum of \$12,251 38

The frauds and stealings in the New State House, the Newburgh Lunatic Asylum, and the Dayton Lunatic Asylum, were as follows:

NEW STATE HOUSE.
Useless Expenditures.....\$106,000 00
Frauds and overcharges.....43,220 00
Total.....\$149,220 00

NEWBURGH LUNATIC ASYLUM.
Useless expenditures.....\$5,500 00
Frauds and overcharges.....51,642 90
Total.....\$57,142 90

DAYTON LUNATIC ASYLUM.
Useless expenditures.....\$5,500 00
Frauds and overcharges.....55,350 00
Total.....\$60,750 00

Grand Total.....\$279,383 77

The facts and vouchers, affidavits and evidence showing the above frauds, are all published at length in the report of the investigating committee, of which Mr. Brown, of Portage, was chairman. And then in regard to the canal lettings, we have no doubt that much wrong was contemplated, and some actually perpetrated, but as they are soon to undergo a legal examination in the Franklin County Court of Common Pleas, we shall not discuss them at length at this time. We believe that, however much wrong was perpetrated by these lettings, a vast amount was prevented by the fact that one of the Board, Mr. Blackensderfer, was a Republican. If the committee who made this report, had closed with a recommendation that the Attorney General be directed forthwith to bring the suits to test the validity of the contracts before the Supreme Court, we should have had the question decided ere this time, and the entire facts in the case fully disclosed. As it is, we believe that gross favoritism was intended, and if the end was not accomplished, the honor belongs to Mr. Blackensderfer for having defeated it. One thing is certain, Mr. Backus, the Locofoco candidate for the Board of Public Works, was one of a company whose bid was withdrawn for a few thousand dollar consideration, and he pocketed one fifth part of it. This was an outside operation, unknown to the Board, but in our judgment it will be regarded by the Court as fatal to the party who got a contract by such management.

But not only did this Medill administration abstract all the money from the Treasury, but they ran the State over six hundred thousand dollars in debt, without any authority of law, as follows:

Sup. and repairs of Canals.....\$138,090 18
New State House.....246,758 71
Deaf and Dumb Asylum.....3,488 00
Blind Asylum.....24,025 81
Dayton Lunatic Asylum.....47,515 89
Newburgh Lunatic Asylum.....42,342 47
Payments for Swan's Revised Stat.....3,750 00

Total paid last year.....\$514,362 66

In addition, the Auditor of State reports that there are from \$100,000 to \$120,000 of debts yet unpaid. Of this sum, \$60,000 are claims for work upon the State House.

This was the legacy left us by the Medill administration. This is the balance sheet of Locofocoism after being in business four years. And now they ask a renewal of the firm, and possession of the public Treasury and the other State offices.

SHALL THEY HAVE IT? That question the people must answer at the polls in October.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—Judge Goodloe, of Lexington, has lately decided that the State Courts have no power to naturalize foreigners, and that this right belongs exclusively to the Courts of the United States. He also decided where a person brings naturalization papers obtained in another State, the papers must have the certificate of the United States Court of that State.

A printer not long ago, being "flung" by his sweet heart, went to the office and tried to commit suicide with the "shooting stick," but the thing wouldn't go off. The "devil" wishing to pacify him, told him to peep into the sanctum where the editor was writing duns to delinquent subscribers. He did so, and the effect was magical. He said that the picture of despair which he there beheld fully reconciled him to his fate.

James Benedict Clay's Barbecue.

The Lexington Observer states that the Barbecue given to the renegade son of Henry Clay, was a regular Locofoco concern, and was remarkable in many respects. There were about one thousand persons present, all Locofocos, straight out, and dyed in the wool. Not a member of the Clay family was present, but the new-born Locofoco son. The cannon that boomed upon the occasion, was the same one fired by the same party, in rejecting over Henry Clay's defeat in 1844! The speakers, too, were appropriately chosen. Col. Preston led off, who, though a Whig in Clay's lifetime, refused to vote for him, and left the Whig party on account of his hatred of "Old Hal." The next, and most vociferous orator, was Geo. Wickliffe, who has grown grey in hating Henry Clay, to whom he had not spoken for years before his death. The whole crowd was composed of the vilest of Mr. Clay's slanderers, and the speakers were the most unrelenting of his enemies! What a commentary of the depravity of human nature! Fortunately the old house had been torn down, and the tongue and eyes of Mr. Clay silenced and dimmed in death, before the soil of Ashland was thus politically desecrated. For the drunken feast came off on the Ashland farm.

On one condition we would have gone on foot through the mountains, to have witnessed the scene as an on-looker. That is to have had an assurance that in the midst of the carousal, "Old Hal" should have come up out of his tomb, shaking his flowing locks, flashing his penetrating blue eye, and pointing with his long arm, the unerring finger of scorn at the "foul crowd," and as he would finish a sentence of sarcastic rebuke, and eloquent denunciation, tap his gold snuff-box upon the lid, and with an air of patriotic disdain, take a pinch, make a graceful bow, and retire to his vault! We can almost see him going through the motions, as we write about it!—*Knoxville (Tenn.) Whig.*

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